The Wellsboro Gazette.

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Wellsboro Gazette.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT Law, Mansfield, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

GEO. W. MERRICK. ROB'T K. YOUNG.

MERRICK & YOUNG,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Cameron & Packer's new block.—May 14, 1889.

H. P. ERWIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR, Wellsboro, Pa. Fine custom tailoring at fair prices. Good fits guaranteed in every case. Shop over *Agitator* office.—Nov. 10, 1890.

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JOB PRINTERS, in Wright's new block, Main street, over the drug store. All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

FRANK H. ROSE,

DENTIST. Office over C. C. Mathers & Co's. store, Wellsboro, Pa. Preserving of the natural teeth a specialty. All work warranted to give satisfaction.—Nov. 28, 1885.

GEO. W. NAVEL,

HARNESS-MAKER, Crafton Street, between Main and Pearl, Wellsboro, Pa. Light and Heavy, Double and Single Harness made to order on short notice. The largest stock of Horse Furnishing Goods in Tioga county.—Mar. 6, 1888.

O. H. DAVIS,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Established 1871. Leading English and American companies represented. Special features attending insurance on farm property. Office on second floor in Wright's Block, next to Gazette office, Main st., Wellsboro, Pa.—Nov. 28, 1888-1y.

RAILWAY GUIDE.

FALL BROOK COAL CO'S RAILWAYS.

Took effect November 30, 1890.

Syracuse, Geneva & Corning Division.

Going North (Read up.) 6	4	2		Stations.	Going South (Read down.) 1	3	5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8 25	2 15	9 00		Lyons	7 25	10 05	6 25
7 45	1 45	8 26		Geneva	8 10	12 30	7 05
7 12	1 12	8 03		Dresden	8 43	1 15	7 35
6 59	12 56	7 47		Hirsalo	8 57	1 30	7 49
6 45	12 45	7 37		Dundee	9 09	2 15	8 02
6 26	12 26	7 17		Watkins Sta.	9 32	2 48	8 27
6 23	12 20	7 15		Watkins Glen	9 37	2 55	8 32
5 25	11 30	6 30		Dp. Corning Ar.	10 20	4 00	9 15

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

8	10	8	Stations.	1	3	7
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2 50			Dp. Antrim. Ar.	1 00		
3 10			*Summit	12 42		
3 25			*Round Top	12 30		
3 35	11 45	7 05	WELLSBORO	12 15	6 10	7 20
3 57	11 52	7 10	Stokesdale	12 06	6 02	7 12
4 05	11 59	7 15	Stokesdale Junc.	12 05	6 00	7 10
4 11	12 17	7 29	Miles Valley	11 48	5 47	7 03
4 14	12 20	7 32	Middlebury	11 45	5 43	7 00
4 19	12 25	7 37	Holliday	11 40	5 36	6 15
4 26	12 44	7 38	*Hammond	11 32	5 29	6 47
4 33	12 53	7 45	Tioga	11 25	5 20	6 38
4 45	12 59	7 55	Lattrop	11 16	5 10	6 29
4 55	1 12	8 05	Lawrenceville	11 08	4 55	6 22
5 02	1 18	8 11	Lindley	11 03	4 48	6 15
5 10	1 27	8 20	Presho	10 53	4 38	6 06
5 30	1 50	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp.	10 35	4 15	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

10	6		Stations.	1	3	
P.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.	
12 15	4 15		WELLSBORO	11 45	5 35	
12 08	4 07		Stokesdale	11 52	5 48	
12 00	4 00		Stokesdale Junc	11 55	6 00	
11 41	3 40		*Marsh Creek	12 17	6 14	
11 31	3 44		Ansonia	12 22	6 20	
11 16	3 35		*Four Mile Run	12 32	6 30	
11 00	3 27		*Gladmixton	12 42	6 41	
10 50	3 10		Blackwell's	1 15	7 10	
10 13	2 59		Cedar Run	1 28	7 30	
9 55	2 15		Waterville	1 55	8 20	
8 00	1 45		Jersey Shore	2 45	9 00	
7 35	1 15		Newberry Junc.	3 15	9 35	
7 25	1 05		Williamsport	3 25	9 45	
A.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.	

Cowanesque Branch.

24	6	8	Stations.	1	7	23
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 20	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp.	10 35	5 45	6 20
2 25	4 40	7 55	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 25	8 05
2 38	4 13	7 40	" Node	11 27	6 38	8 55
3 10	4 07	7 [illegible]	"	11 50	7 01	9 28
3 00	3 52	7 [illegible]	"	11 55	7 06	9 40
2 32	3 50	[illegible]	Acker	12 07	7 10	10 10
2 28	3 31	[illegible]	"	12 10	7 13	10 14
2 23	3 27	[illegible]	"	12 20	7 33	10 43
1 40	3 20	[illegible]	"	7	9	11 00
1 25	3 2[illegible]	[illegible]	"			11 23
1 12	3 1	[illegible]	"			11 30
1 00	3 1	[illegible]	"			11 45
12 55	3 1	[illegible]	"			11 55
FALL BROOK						
Blossburg						
arrives at						
It leaves						
2.20 and						
*Flag						
CONN						
N. Y. C. & H. R. R.						
close connections at Corning with						
Sleeping Cars						
to Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Louisville, Geneva,						
R. R. R.						
Dresden						
Railway						
Himrod						
Corning						
D. L. & W.						
Lawrenceville						
Jersey Shore						
Williamsport						
Reading						
P. & R. R.						
Williamsport and Elmira						
G. R. BOND,						

Addison & Pennsylvania R. R.

Going West			Stations.	Going East		
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
7 30	4 45	7 20	Dp. Addison Ar.	1 [illegible]	4 45	7 [illegible]
7 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	Freemans	1 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]
7 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	Nelson	1 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]
8 05	5 22	8 [illegible]	Rathbone	[illegible]	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	8 [illegible]	Gang Mills	[illegible]	4 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	8 [illegible]	Painted Post	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	8 [illegible]	Lindley	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	8 [illegible]	Steele's	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	8 [illegible]	Savona	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	[illegible]	Dansville	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
8 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	[illegible]	Nunda	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
9 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	[illegible]	Ar. Cuylerville Dp.	1 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	6 [illegible]

Additional train leaving Addison at 7 a. m. and arriving at Cuylerville at 11 p. m.

FRANK M. BAKER, Supt.

COTTAGE HOTEL.

Bath Room and Barber Shop

JOHN E. COYLE, Prop.

NEW WAGON SHOP

[illegible]

Business Change

O. G. PADGETT

Has purchased the interest of Lucy R. Milliken in the firm of MILLIKEN & PADGETT, Wellsboro, and he will continue the business at the old stand, 102 Main street. A continuance of public patronage is solicited.

THE BAKERY

has shown a steadily increasing business, and it will be my aim to keep this department up to the highest standard.

Choice Family Groceries.

I shall endeavor to win new customers by the excellent line of these goods and low prices. Christmas shoppers will find my store headquarters for pure

Confectionery and Fruits.

I take especial pride in the home-made Confectionery, which I guarantee to be absolutely pure. I defy competition on home-made Candy.

Nov. 27, 1890. O. G. PADGETT.

H. PAGAN,

Optician and Jeweler,

WELLSBORO, PA.

Having made the treatment of the eye a study, I am prepared to fit the eyes of those afflicted with defective vision in the best and most skillful manner. I use the best lenses and glasses that can be procured. A perfect fit guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

A large and elegant line of Solid and Silver-plated Ware. All the newest designs in Jewelry, Rings, etc. H. PAGAN.

Wellsboro, March 21, 1889.

HUGH YOUNG, *Pres't.* W. D. VANHORN, *Cashier.*

THE

Wellsborough National Bank

ORGANIZED OCT. 9, 1888.
CHARTERED NOV. 10, 1888.

Capital paid in, - - - $50,000
Authorized Capital, - - - $150,000

DIRECTORS.

JEROME B. NIMSON, JNO. N. BAKER,
R. N. MCCOY, CHAS. TUBBS,
AUSTIN POLLOCK, D. L. DRAKE,
HUGH YOUNG, W. D. VANHORN,
E. R. BACKUS.

Our facilities for prompt collections are unsurpassed.

The management is liberal and up to the times. No pains are made to customers for collecting checks or for drafts on any point in this country or Europe.

Interest paid on time deposits.

We discount paper at six per cent. only.

We respectfully solicit your business, and if we get it we will try to keep it.

Wellsboro, Pa., Oct. 25, 1890.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

J. L. ROBINSON, Prest. J. M. ROBINSON, Cashier.
L. L. BAILEY, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL STOCK, $100,000
SURPLUS, - - - $100,000

This Bank transacts a general banking business; makes collections, sells drafts on Europe, and gives prompt attention to all business at lowest rates.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Steamship tickets by Inman Line to and from New York.

With a record of twenty-three years of prudent and successful management, marked by a steady growth of both Capital and Patronage this Bank does business on as liberal terms as are consistent with safe banking.

Wellsboro' Pa., March 3, 1890.

Patents.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for **Moderate Fees.**

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business less time and at **less cost** than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A FULL LINE OF

Fall and Winter Goods

JUST RECEIVED AT

F. S. BLACK'S.

Merchant Tailor.

A [illegible]

GARDNER'S

Insurance Agency

WELLSBORO, PA.

Representing One Of the Strongest Companies

Imperial of London, Hartford, American Central, Springfield, Citizens, Fidelity and Casualty.

[illegible]

Tioga County People

When you visit Corning N. Y., do not fail to call at the

CRYSTAL CITY

One Price Clothing House,

Opposite the St. James Hotel, on the Hill.

First-Class Tailoring Department

[illegible]

Retrospection.

Only some withered blossoms,
Crumbling to dry decay;
Only a glove torn half into,
And idly thrown away.
Only a heart that's breaking
That is, if hearts could break;
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

Only a few such tokens,
Prized by a love sick fool,
Naught but the ashes that strew the ground
When love's hot flame grows cool?
Not the first man by thousands
The dupe of a heartless flirt,
Not the first time that precious love
Was trusted like common dirt.

Only in jest, you know it
Now, though its rather late—
Rather too late to turn your life
And seek another fate.
You're not a man like thousands,
With a heart that will veer and twirl,
And fetch a glow at the word and glance
Of every flitting girl.

Finished forever and done,
Wrecked by a treacherous smile!
Following many a will-o'-the-wisp,
Happy if lost for awhile!
Only a heart that's broken
That is, if hearts can break;
Only a man a life for one,
And all for a woman's sake.

Lippincott's.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

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(CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.)

But it suddenly occurred to her that she would be obliged to state how she became aware of this misfortune, and with it came an instinctive aversion to speak of her meeting with the inventor. She would wait until Mrs. Randolph told her. But although that lady was engaged in a low voiced discussion in French with Emile and Adele which instantly ceased at her approach there was no allusion made to the new calamity.

"You need not telegraph to your father," she said, as Rose approached. "He has already telegraphed to you for news. As you were out, and the messenger was waiting an answer, we opened the dispatch, and sent one telling him that you were all right, and that he need not hurry here on your account. So you are satisfied, I hope." A few hours ago this would have been true, and Rose would have probably seen in the action of her hostess only a flattering motherly supervision. There was, in fact, still a lingering trace of that trust in her mind, yet she was conscious that she would have preferred to answer the dispatch herself and to have left her father come.

To a girl brought up with a belief in the right of individual independence of thought and action there was something in Mrs. Randolph's practical ignoring of that right which startled her in spite of her new conservatism; while as the daughter of a business man her instincts revolted against Mrs. Randolph's unbusinesslike action with the telegram, however vulgar and unrefined she may have begun to consider a life of business and its connections. The result was a certain constraint and embarrassment in her manner, which, however, had the laudable effect of limiting Emile's attentions to significant glances, and no doubt variously interpreted by the others. But she satisfied her conscience by determining to make a confidence of her sympathy to the major on the first opportunity.

This she presently found when the others were preoccupied, the major greeting her with a somewhat careworn face, but a voice whose habitual kindness was unchanged. When he had condoled with her on the terrifying phenomenon that had marred her visit to the rancho—and she could not help impatiently noticing that he, too, seemed to have accepted his wife's theory that she had been half deliriously frightened—he regretted that her father had not concluded to come down to the rancho, as his practical advice would have been invaluable in this emergency. She was about to eagerly explain why, when it occurred to her that Mrs. Randolph had only given him a suppressed version of the telegram, and that she would be betraying her or again taking sides in this partisan divided home. With some hesitation she at last alluded to the accident to the artesian well.

The major did not ask her how she had heard of it; it was a bad business, he thought, but it might not be a total loss. The water may have been only diverted by the shock, and might [illegible] and again at a lower level or [illegible] lateral fissure. He had sent [illegible] for Tom Bent, that clever young [illegible] at the wheat ranch, who was always studying up these things with the [illegible] tions—and that was his [illegible] not a well digger. [illegible] nally known that he h[illegible] two, and had long [illegible] of it flow by a [illegible] such an [illegible] again to [illegible] asked h[illegible] and h[illegible] the [illegible]

R[illegible] what was [illegible] p[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Ra[illegible] Emile [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Bent. But Mr[illegible]

[illegible] she [illegible] instead of sending to San Francisco for some skilled master machinist, are going to listen to the vagaries of a conceited, half educated farm laborer and employ him? You might as well, in some of these wizards or water witches at once." But the major, like many other well managed husbands who are good humoredly content to suffer in the [illegible] of perversity, had no idea of doing so in adversity, and at the [illegible] of the [illegible] to position [illegible] of the [illegible] looked up [illegible] said:

"If his [illegible] are as [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] he [illegible]

"I [illegible] say I [illegible] the [illegible] of Tom [illegible] Bent [illegible] have kept up this conjugal discussion, [illegible] beginning to be awkward to the third person, if not bore, is not bore, as it [illegible] suddenly [illegible] by a bullet from the rosebud lips of the ingenuous Adele.

"Why, he's very handsome when his face is clean, and his hands are small and not all hard. And he doesn't talk the least bit queer or common."

There was a dead silence. "And pray where did you see him, and what do you know about his hands," asked Mrs. Randolph in her most deliberately cold voice. "Or has the major already presented you to him? I shouldn't be surprised."

"No, but," hesitated the young girl, with a certain mouse like audacity, "when you sent me to look after Miss Mallory I came up to him just after he had spoken to her, and he stopped to ask me how we all were, and if Miss Mallory were really frightened by the earthquake, and he shook hands for good afternoon—that's all."

"And who taught you to converse with common strangers and shake hands with them," continued Mrs. Randolph with narrowing lips.

"Nobody, mamma, but I thought if Miss Mallory, who is a young lady, could speak to him so could I, who am not out yet."

"We won't discuss this any further at present," said Mrs. Randolph stiffly, as the major smiled grimly at Rose. "The earthquake seems to have shaken down in this case more than the chimneys."

It certainly had shaken all power of sleep from the eyes of Rose when the household at last dispersed to lie down in their clothes on the mattresses which had been arranged under the awnings. She was continually starting up from confused visions of the ground shaking under her, or she seemed to be standing on the brink of some dreadful abyss, like the great chasm on the grain field, when it began to tremble and crumble beneath her feet.

It was near morning when unable to endure it any longer, she managed without disturbing the sleeping Adele, who occupied the same contained recess with her, to slip out from the awning. Wrapped in a thick shawl she made her way through the encompassing trees and bushes of the garden that had seemed to imprison and suffocate her to the edge of the grain field, where she could breathe the freer air beneath an open starlit sky. There was no moon and the darkness favored her; she had no fears that weighed against the horror of seclusion with her own fancies. Besides, they were camping out of the house, and if she chose to sit up or walk about no one could think it strange.

She wished her father were here, that she might have some of her own kin to talk to, yet she knew not what to say to him if he were here. She wanted somebody to sympathize with her feelings—or rather, perhaps, some one to combat and even ridicule the uneasiness that had lately come over her. She knew what her father would say: "Do you want to go or do you want to stay here? Do you like these people or do you not?" She remembered the one or two glowing and enthusiastic accounts she had written Mrs. of her visit here, and felt herself blushing again. What would he think of Mrs. Randolph's opening and answering the telegram? Wouldn't he find out from the major if she had garbled the sense of his dispatch?

Away to the right, in the midst of the distant and invisible wheat field, there was the same intermittent star, which like a living, breathing thing seemed to dilate in glowing respiration, and which she had seen the first night of her visit—Mr. Bent's forge. It must be nearly daylight now. The poor fellow had been up all night, or else was stealing this early march on the day. She recalled Adele's sudden eulogium of him. The first natural smile that had come to her lips since the earthquake broke up her nervous restraint and sent her back more like her old self to her couch.

But she had not proceeded far toward the tent when she heard the sound of low voices approaching her. It was the major and his wife, who, like herself, had evidently been unable to sleep and were up betimes. A new instinct of secretiveness, which she felt was partly the effect of her artificial surroundings, checked her first natural instinct to call to them, and she drew back deeper in the shadow to let them pass. But to her great discomfiture the major in a conversational emphasis stopped directly in front of her.

"You are wrong, I tell you, a thousand times wrong. The girl is simply upset by this earthquake. It's a pity her father didn't come instead of telegraphing. And, by Jove, rather than hear any more of this I'll send for him myself," said the major, in an energetic but suppressed voice.

"And the girl won't thank you, and you'll be a fool for your pains," retorted Mrs. Randolph with dry persistency.

"But [illegible] to your own ideas of propriety Mallory ought to be the first one to be insulted—and by me too."

"[illegible] sense. Of course, before anything [illegible] ment is on you can [illegible] attentions [illegible] other view? [illegible]

shadow directly toward him.

"I am afraid I will have to trouble you once more," she said, with a faint smile, which did not, however, reach her perplexed eyes. "Could you give me any kind of a conveyance that would take me to San Jose at once?"

The young man had started at the rustling of her dress in the shavings and turned eagerly. The faintest indication of a loss of interest was visible for an instant in his face, but it quickly passed into a smile of resignation. Yet she felt that he had neither noticed any change in her appearance nor experienced any wonder at seeing her there at that hour.

"I did not take a buggy from the house," she went on quickly, "for I left early and did not want to disturb them. In fact they don't know that I am gone. I was worried at not hearing news from my father in San Francisco since the earthquake, and I thought I would run down to San Jose to inquire without putting them to any trouble. Anything will do that you have ready if I can take it at once."

Still, without exhibiting the least surprise, Bent nodded affirmatively, put down his tools, begged her to wait a moment and ran off in the direction of the cabin. As he disappeared behind the wheat she leaned quite suddenly against the work bench, but recovered herself a moment after, leaning with her back against it, her hands grasping it on either side and her knit brows and determined little face turned toward the east. Then she stood erect again, shook the dust out of her skirts, lifted her veil, wiped her cheeks and brow with the corner of a small handkerchief and began walking up and down the length of the shed as Bent reappeared.

He was accompanied by the man who had first led her through the wheat. He gazed upon her with apparently all the curiosity and concern that the other had lacked.

"You want to get to San Jose as quick as you can?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes," she said quickly, "if you can help me."

"You walked all the way from the major's here?" he went on, without taking his eyes from her face.

"Yes," she answered, with an affectation of carelessness she had not shown to Bent. "But I started very early—it was cool and pleasant—and didn't seem far."

"I'll put you down in San Jose inside the hour. You shall have my horse and trotting sulky and I'll drive you myself. Will that do?"

She looked at him wonderingly. She had not forgotten his previous restraint and gravity, but now his face seemed to have relaxed with some humorous satisfaction. She felt herself coloring slightly, but whether with shame or relief she could not tell.

"I shall be so much obliged to you," she replied hesitatingly, "and so will my father, I know."

"I reckon," said the man, with the same look of amused conjecture. Then, with a quick assuring nod, he turned away and dived into the wheat again.

"[illegible] right, Mrs. Mallory," said Bent complacently. "Dawson will fix it. He's got a good horse, and he's a good driver, too." He paused, and then added pleasantly, "I suppose they're all well up at the house?"

It was so evident that his remark carried no personal taunting to herself that she was obliged to answer carelessly, "Oh, yes."

"I suppose you see a good deal of Miss Randolph—Miss Adele, I think you call her," he remarked tentatively, and with a certain boyish enthusiasm which she had never conceived possible to his nature.

"Yes," she replied a little dryly. "She is the only young lady there." She stopped, remembering Adele's naive description of the man before her, and said abruptly, "You know her then?"

"A little," replied the young man modestly. "I see her pretty often when I am passing the upper end of the rancho. She's very well brought up, and her manners are very refined—don't you think so?—and yet she's just as simple and natural as a country girl. There's a great deal in education after all, isn't there?" he went on confidentially; "and although" he lowered his voice and looked cautiously around him—"I believe that some of us here don't fancy her mother much, there's no doubt that Mrs. Randolph knows how to bring up her children. Some people think that kind of education is all artificial and don't believe in it—but I do!"

With the consciousness that she was running away from these people and the shameful disclosure she had heard last night, the recollection of Adele's scandalous interpretation of her most innocent actions and her sudden and complete revulsion against all that she had previously admired in that household to hear this man, who had seemed to her a living protest against their ideas and principles, now expressing them and holding them up for emulation, almost took her breath away.

"[illegible] means [illegible] you intend [illegible] well for [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER V.

[illegible]

please you don't care to see anybody before you get to San Jose?"

"No—o—o," said Rose timidly.

"And I reckon you wouldn't mind my ratin' a bit if anybody kem up?"

"No."

"The mare's sort of fastidious about takin' anybody's dust."

"Is she?" said Rose, with a faint smile.

"Awful," responded her companion. "And the queerest thing of all, she can't bear to have any one behind her either."

He leaned forward with his expression of humorous enjoyment of some latent joke and did something with the reins—Rose never could clearly understand what, though it seemed to her that he simply lifted them with ostentatious lightness—but the mare suddenly appeared to lengthen herself and lose her height, and the stalks of wheat on either side of the dusty track began to melt into each other and then slipped like a flash into a long continuous, shimmering green hedge. So perfect was the mare's action that the girl was scarcely conscious of any increased effort, so harmonious the whole movement that the light skeleton wagon seemed only a prolonged process of that long, slim body and free, collarless neck, both straight as the two shafts on each side, and straighter than the delicate rib-buckle traces which in what seemed a mere affectation of conscious power, hung at times almost limp between the whiffletrees and the narrow breast band, that was all that confined the animal's powerful forequarters. So superb was the reach of its long, easy stride that Rose could scarcely see any undulation in the brown shining back, on which she could have placed her foot, nor felt the soft beat of the delicate hoofs that took the dust so firmly and yet so lightly.

[To be continued.]

THE HORRIBLE COST OF WAR.

Millions of Lives Sacrificed in the Wars of the Last Thirty Years.

According to the estimates of French and German statisticians there have perished in the wars of the last thirty years 2,500,000 men, while there has been expended to carry them on no less than the inconceivable sum of $18,000,000,000. Of this amount France has paid nearly $3,500,000,000 as the cost of the war with Germany, while her loss in men is placed at 155,000. Of these 80,000 were killed on the field of battle, 56,000 died of sickness, accidents or suicide, and 20,000 in German prisons, while there died from other causes enough to bring the number up to the given aggregate. The sick and wounded amounted to 477,421, the lives of many thousands of whom were doubtless shortened by their illness or injuries.

According to Dr. Roth, a German authority, the Germans lost during the war 60,000 men killed or rendered invalid and $600,000,000 in money, this being the excess of expenditure or of material losses over the $1,250,000,000 paid by France by way of indemnity. Dr. Engel, another distinguished German statistician, gives the following as the approximate cost of the principal wars of the last thirty years: Crimean war, $2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, $300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, $35,000,000; War of the Rebellion (North), $5,100,000,000, (South) $2,300,000,000; Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, $350,000,000; Russo-Turkish war, $125,000,000; South African wars, $8,770,000; African war, $13,250,050; Servo-Bulgarian war, $176,000,000.

All these wars were murderous in the extreme. The Crimean war, in which few battles were fought, cost 750,000 lives, only 50,000 less than were killed or died of their wounds, North and South, during the war of the Rebellion. The figures, it must be remembered, are German, and usually not agree precisely with American estimates. The Mexican and Chinese expeditions cost $200,000,000 and 65,000 lives. There were 250,000 killed and mortally wounded during the Russo-Turkish war, and 45,000 each in the Italian war of 1859 and the war between Prussia and Austria. In the other wars the loss of life was relatively less, which did not make either the money or money easier to part with in the more limited areas where they occurred.

And this is but a part of the accounting, since it does not include the millions expended during the last 20 years in maintaining the vast armaments of the European powers, the losses caused by the stoppage of commerce and manufactures, and the continual derangement of industries by the abstraction from useful employment of so many millions of persons held for a period of military service extending from three to five years.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Uses of Games.

With the young games are invaluable, says *Entertainment.* Children will learn to play games before they can read the printed rules, and the events discussed on the cards of historical games become fixed in their minds long before they come to the history class in school. The pleasure of a game a child associates with the facts. [illegible] in playing it, and it is not a [illegible] game for tykes, they are the [illegible] recommend that he been [illegible] rits [illegible] nes [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible]

Musician and Empress.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* [illegible] improbable story of Gottschalk, the famous pianist.

At one time the composer was pianist at the court of Spain and while there incurred the anger and jealousy of the Queen, who, being herself infatuated with him, would tolerate no rival, and banished the handsome musician and his inamorata, a beautiful young girl. Many years after, since the death of Gottschalk, his sister was giving a concert, and there [illegible] to her, with stood by the same Gott[illegible] talk on the [illegible] a pale, was [illegible] who [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] her [illegible] she had [illegible] her [illegible] father's [illegible] the [illegible] Prince in Spain [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

FRED K. WRIGHT, FRANK CONEVERY.

Editors and Proprietors.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, of Ohio, has expressed his willingness to accept a renomination. He also says that he expects Major McKinley to be his opponent.

SENATOR INGALLS's friends say he is still a candidate for Senatorial honors, and will be elected as Senator Plumb's successor when that gentleman's term expires.

A SENSATION was created in the Cumberland County Licenses Court last week by several Lock Haven ministers endorsing the petition of a hotel keeper for license at Carlisle.

AN exceedingly rich vein of tin ore has been discovered near Durango, Mexico, but it will benefit anyone in this country, as McKinley has placed a duty of four cents per pound on tin.

W. M. ZIMMERLY, storekeeper and agent of the Farmers' Alliance supply store at Spartanburg, S. C., has learned the ways of the wicked politician very rapidly. He is said to be short in his accounts about $80,000.

A PHYSICIAN in referring to Koch's lymph a few days ago said: "The lymph supply isn't equal the demand, nor, on the whole, is it even equal to the consumption." This is one of those double-ended assertions that those who are deluding themselves with false hopes will do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

THE Indiana Senate has passed an anti-trust bill, declaring all combinations to control prices or limit production unlawful and providing fines of from $1,000 to $5,000 and imprisonment for two to five years as a penalty. Yet Blaine, of "reciprocity fad" reputation, has declared that trusts are legal and cannot be interfered with.

THE windy city of Chicago has decided to ask the next Congress to appropriate $5,000,000 in aid of the proposed World's fair in that city. This is a modest request; but the public was given to understand when Chicago was selected as a place for holding the fair that the city could raise all the money necessary without outside aid.

THE Detroit Merchants and Manufacturers' Exchange after thanking Secretary Blaine for the Brazilian reciprocity treaty, suggested that like relations with Canada would be very acceptable. Of course it would. Even Blaine's absolute free trade, without Waterson's provision for a tariff for revenue only, is better than McKinley's Chinese wall of protection.

PITTSBURG coal operators object to the proposed bill taxing coal lands for a fund to aid injured miners. There isn't anything remarkable about this objection. It simply illustrates what has and is the policy of the coal barons. They object to paying taxes as a matter of principle, and the suffering of a few of their pauperized miners is of little moment to them.

A SENSATIONAL report was published in a New York afternoon paper last Tuesday, to the effect that Adjutant General Hastings was short in his accounts with the State $90,000. An investigation revealed the fact that there was no foundation for the rumor; but it was found that General Hastings had left some unpaid bills, as all the retiring Adjutant Generals have done.

THE Washington representative of a Republican paper says: "There was some talk about reviving the Elections bill, but there is no intention to do anything more with that measure in the Senate at this session. Senator Cameron and the other free coinage Republicans who voted against the bill for honest elections, still adhere to their agreement with the Democrats, and this precludes the possibility of passing any such measure."

THE Republican papers appear to be unhappy because Governor Pattison has vetoed the resolution to print and circulate 10,000 copies of his inaugural address at public expense. They allege that his reason for vetoing the resolution is that the greater portion of the address was circulated during his first administration. Our Republican friends seem forgetful of the fact that the evils which existed then have not been remedied under four years of Republican rule. Hence the necessity of again calling attention to some of the glaring abuses.

JOHN C. NEW, now Consul General at London, is said to be President Harrison's choice for Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. New has been cabled to return to Washington at once. Should he be made Secretary of the Treasury he will make the second man from Indianapolis the President's home — having a Cabinet position [illegible] qualification for [illegible]

[illegible] Republicans will be [illegible] to no [illegible] provided for [illegible] Mr. Morton, [illegible] that pay tax [illegible] to be repealed [illegible] in money at [illegible] with the [illegible] owners [illegible] of the [illegible] to give the counties [illegible] and one-half [illegible] paying per [illegible] property. By the arrangement [illegible] nearly a million [illegible] a year, and as the decision of Judge Mitchell involves a heavy loss to the State Treasury yearly it may be necessary for the State to retain its share of revenues obtained under present laws. The proposition of the liquor license is *this fifth and of the tax on property, property two thirds.*

Representative Wherry, of Cumberland, on Tuesday introduced a bill providing for a Constitutional Convention. It is a trial on the Buckalew act, under which the last Constitutional Convention was called. [illegible] Court should hold [illegible] Convention [illegible] River, [illegible] the federal [illegible] Walk, for the federal [illegible] which [illegible] be submitted to the people [illegible] of 176 [illegible]

[illegible] Works went into the hands of a receiver, the Juniata rolling mill is also idle, and the Benefonte blast furnace has been shut down for an indefinite period, the Ellis & Lyons Steel and Iron Company, of Pottstown, has also shut down for an indefinite time, and the puddlers of the Brooke Iron Company at Birdsboro have refused to accept a reduction of 25 per cent., and the mill is idle. It is [illegible] fully as much as the McKinley bill has for the [illegible] the country [illegible] give an idea [illegible] of the depth of the depression.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible] AT THESE PRICES.

	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
[illegible]	$1	$0.[illegible]
[illegible]	1.50	.90
[illegible]	.75	.50
[illegible]	.75	.50
[illegible]	.75	.50
Calhoun	.75	.50
Chipman	.75	.50
Trowbridge	1.25	.90
Hawthorne	1.75	1.20
Augusta Evans Wilson	1.75	1.20
Tourgee	1.50	1.00
Oliver Optic	1.50	.85
Mary Agnes Fleming	1.50	.90
E. P. Roe	1.75	.95
[illegible]	1.75	.95

The Following Red Line Series of Parts

Publisher's price, 75 cents, our price 50 cents. Shakspeare, Hood's Poems, Taste, Familiar Quotations, Heber, Irish Humorous Poetry, Devil, Deadline Lost, Wordsworth, Chancer, Byron, Bryant.

	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
Complete Works, full gilt binding, All we have left	$2.00	$1.10
Shakespeare	$2.00	$1.10
Mrs. Browning	2.25	1.25
Moore	2.25	1.25
Whittier	2.25	1.25

Morocco Bound, padded covers, only a few left, at 90 cents to $1.15 each

SETS—THINK OF IT.

	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
Cooper, 10 vols	$4.00	$2.00
Frontier Series, 4 vols	2.00	1.00
Life Boat Series, 4 vols	4.00	2.00
Ewing, 10 vols	5.00	2.50
Springtide Stories, 4 vols	4.00	2.00
Proverb Series, 8 vols	4.00	2.00
Young America Abroad, 4 vols	5.00	2.50
Natural History Series, 4 vols	4.00	2.00
Castaway, 10 vols	5.00	2.50
Gibbons' Rome, 6 vols	1.20	.60
Macaulay's Hist. England, 5 vols	4.00	2.00
Waverly Novels, 12 vols	6.00	3.00

Our line of 17 mos. cards is all formerly 35 cents, now 25 cents. Many other lines cannot enumerate here. Call and look them over. This Cost Sale will continue until entire stock is closed.

VANHORN & JENNINGS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

WANTED. A girl to do general housework in a small family. Enquire of Mrs. Frank Convery.

PERSONS who get their sale bills printed at the GAZETTE office will receive a free notice in the columns of the GAZETTE.

A DONATION for the benefit of Rev. D. P. Lappeus will be held at Steele's Hall, at Stony Fork, Friday, February 20, 1891. All are invited.

THERE are a thousand merchants and hundreds of thousands of consumers who will testify to the uniform and superior quality of Sancuta coffee.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

Announcements.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of High Constable of the borough of Wellsboro. JAMES HAVILAND.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of High Constable of the borough of Wellsboro. JOHN SUHR.

New Advertisements.

Lamps—Rochester Lamp Co.
Books—VanHorn & Jennings.
Good Bargains—Max Bernkopf & Brother.

LOCAL AND COUNTY AFFAIRS.

—Saturday is Valentine day.

—Mansfield has some youthful till-tappers.

—Mr. E. Jacobson is spending the week in New York city.

—Auctions are becoming numerous about the county.

—Mrs. F. H. Dartt, of Arnot, is visiting relatives in town.

—New maple sugar in market sells for 10 to 15 cents a pound.

—Roseville expects a creamery and a building boom in the Spring.

—Osceola claims to have the champion snare drummer of the county.

—The Y. W. C. T. U., of Blossburg, will hold a Demorest contest soon.

—Mr. F. G. Thomas and family, of Canoe Camp, have removed to Oregon.

—E. B. Young, Esq., has been appointed a notary public by Governor Pattison.

—Osceola has a juvenile poker club which meets in the barns at that place.

—The livery stable of Smith & Austin has been greatly improved by a new front.

—Dr. T. N. Rockwell and T. McDonell, of Elkland, are to open a drug store at Mills.

—The Tioga County Teachers' Association will meet at Tioga next week Friday and Saturday.

—Mrs. James Sturrock, one of the pioneers of Deerfield, died last Friday, aged about 80 years.

—Several crops of tobacco have recently been sold at Lawrenceville for 14½ cents per pound.

—A Sabinsville man claims to have grown thirty-one potatoes from one potato eye last season.

—Several young men of Blossburg have gone to Baltimore to work in a sawmill near that city.

—Original pensions have been granted to Theodore Stewart and William A. Daley of this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Channell attended the Lockwing-Thomas wedding at Elmira last Thursday.

—The annual ball of the Lawrenceville Fire Department was held at that place last Monday evening.

—The country is now being flooded with a dangerous counterfeit of the five dollar silver certificate.

—Mrs. George W. Hakes, of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. L. Bailey.

—Mrs. Fred Hughes, of Mansfield, is the most distinguished guest Miss Mary Arms has had since her arrival a few days since.

—[illegible] to Penn Yan, N. Y., at a cost of [illegible] cents per ton to the purchaser.

—Mansfield is talking of organizing a stock company for the purpose of erecting a bridge across the river.

—A number of Tioga county teachers claim that school directors at the coming convention.

—Through the courtesy of Senator Packer the GAZETTE is receiving the *Legislative Record* for the present session.

—Within the past two weeks a resident of the central part of Mansfield has captured fourteen skunks on his premises.

—The Mansfield Normal School headed the list in Pennsylvania in number of graduates and students in attendance last year.

—Mr. C. L. Parsons has disposed of his saw-mill and timber land at Roan Mountain, Tenn., and returned to his home at Mansfield.

—Mr. "Hod" Bentley, a conductor on the Corning division of the Fall Brook road, lost a finger from a switch last week.

—Mr. D. W. Apsey, of Gaines, who was formerly engaged at Knoxville and Blossburg, is now with the Cambridge Springs Paper Co.

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—[illegible] Mr. Ed. Boughton, of Tioga, who broke his leg recently and had just commenced to walk on crutches, sustained a fall a few days ago and severely injured the fractured limb.

—The Covington *Intelligencer* says: "The Wellsboro GAZETTE calls the promises of resumption of work at the glass factory a 'ghost story,' and that is about what it probably is."

—The Hovers are preparing for the spring struggle on April 1st. Many families intend moving to other places where rents are lower and more business is being transacted.

—Mr. W. J. Buchan, of Gaines, is disposing of his lumber interests and real estate on Pine creek. He is soon to remove to Washington State, where he will engage in lumbering.

—An Elkland correspondent says the open weather of last week cleared the river of ice, but every cellar in town still retains the effect of the high water by being seriously inundated.

—This Spring every farmer whose lands show a spot of sand should not neglect to plant potatoes. It has been demonstrated that sandy soil will raise the best tubers, those that are the least likely to rot.

—Messrs. C. H. Roberts & Co., hardware dealers of Westfield, have sold their stock to Mr. C. E. Krusen, the former proprietor of the store. Mr. Roberts and family are to return to Wellsboro to reside.

—Several of the ex-employes of the Covington glass factory have returned from Jeannette. There were so many glass operatives at that place that they were unable to get enough work to pay expenses.

—The dude cigars are the latest, and they promise to soon supplant the cigarettes. They are about as large as an ordinary lead pencil and just about as long, put up in celluloid cases of twenty-five, and sold for one dollar.

—Dan Richardson, of Elmira, well-known as a member of the New York ball team, is now in charge of the branch store of Sheehan, Dean & Co., recently opened at Elkland. Mr. Richardson is a member of the firm.

—The drug firm of Campbell & McCloskey, at Elkland, has dissolved. The new firm is composed of Messrs. A. W. Campbell and Dr. Wm. Humphrey. Mr. McCloskey is to engage in the wholesale drug business at Pittsburg.

—Mr. Nathan Palmer, an old and well-known resident of Sullivan township, died at the home of his son, Mr. C. W. Palmer, last week Tuesday, of cancer. He was 78 years of age and had resided in Sullivan for nearly fifty years.

—Mr. Francis G. Loveland, of Troy, died on the 2d inst., aged 74 years. Mr. Loveland was a former resident of Elkland, where he was engaged in business for many years. He was also justice of the peace and postmaster at that place for several years.

—Mrs. Stone, of Westfield, or "Grandmother Stone," as she was generally known, died last Thursday morning, aged [illegible] years, leaving five children—Tom Stone (Wellsboro), Lewis, of Scranton, Charles, Harry and Mary (Mrs. [illegible]).

—[illegible] Superintendent of Schools Dr. Hamilton has issued a circular to the teachers of the county, in which he says: "Let us have religion, but let it be fully illustrated in every school room in the county, and split kindling wood.

—There has been no coal discovered as yet that will cure the consumption of coal when the thermometer is advancing in the neighborhood of zero.

—Mr. M. B. Prutsman has been elected Chief Engineer of the Tioga Fire Department, and Mr. J. L. Rich has been elected foreman of Park Hose.

—The *Herald* says that the fire department of Dansville is thinking of using dynamite in breaking up the big ice jam above that village prevention the town from being inundated.

—Mr. James Watkins, of Morris Run, has recently become insane. His insanity is said to have been caused from the effects of an attack of the grip.

—It is reported that Wellsboro is to have another meat market in the near future. It is to be located in the store now occupied by Black, the tailor.

—Several of the glass workers of this county have returned from Jeannette, Pa., and other places, being dissatisfied with the workings of the factories.

—Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, appeals to all the faithful of his diocese to contribute on the first Sunday in Lent to alleviate the distress in Sligo, Ireland.

—Stealing the GAZETTE'S court report without a line of credit is a practice indulged in by some of the county exchanges making a claim of respectability.

—Rev. F. H. Cooper, of the Mansfield Baptist Church, has declined a tempting call to other parts. He was offered $200 per year more than he is now receiving.

—"So Jim Matson gets left on the Wellsboro post office," says the Williamsport *Sun*. "The Administration uses journalists differently down here. Look at Editor Emery."

—Westfield children behave so rudely on the streets that a general complaint has been made. Many of these urchins are said to be developing into hoodlums of the worst class.

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—[illegible]

—[illegible]

—[illegible]

Wellsboro Gazette.

No Use for Good Literature.

At the club last night we all agreed that the majority of the books we publish are worthless. The talk was very bitter.

"The stuff that's writ for folks," I said, "don't move on the night."

It seems the folks who write the things don't know enough to write 'em.

The folks who write, they stuff their heads to some big cyclopedy,
Which ain't no place for mental food we need the poor bad mighty.
They're hunkin' on an empty shelf, like poor old Mother Hubbard,
An' go right by the open door of Mother Nature's cupboard.

They crawl into some library, far from the world's distraction,
Bury themselves in books beyond all hope of resurrection;
They cry out from their tombs, in which no sun nor star can glisten,
An' weep because the livin' won't don't find no time to listen.

Then Editor Pettengill he asked: "Can you suggest a cure
For the debilitated state of English lit'ra chure?"
"Ain't money our authors ignorance is far too dark for light on,
While we who know enough to write hain't got no time for writin'."

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE DIVINING ROD.

It was an August afternoon. The genial rays of a Southern sun fell upon an old, yet stately mansion in Louisiana. It stood some distance from the nearest city in a wilderness of tropical luxuriancy and in utter isolation from the world. The ground upon which the house was situated was inclosed in a stone fence, overgrown here and there in clusters of ivy whose green leaves formed a pleasing contrast to the sun-colored stones. Within the inclosure beneath the cooling shade which numerous trees afforded, a man of 30 and a young and singularly lovely girl paced to and fro.

"Hubert, this shrub is called the 'Divining Rod,' and possesses wonderful properties. The leaf I hold in my hand, if bruised and dissolved in water and drank, will cause a trance—a death-like stupor—lasting for hours. An old negress of Mrs. Flourney's told me of it, and I myself have, to a slight extent, experienced its marvelous power. Is it not interesting?"

Hubert Adare listened in speechless astonishment. Taking the leaf from her he examined it curiously, still silent.

"Irene," said he, almost in a whisper, "are you convinced of the truth of what you say?"

"Quite."

"Then it is destined to help us out of a difficulty."

She gazed at him wonderingly.

"I allude to my approaching marriage."

"Oh, please don't let us discuss that subject," said she, growing pale.

"Why?"

"Because it's fixed. Because Flora will have become your wife ere this time to-morrow. Because it is treason to her to speak of it as you would."

"Irene," said he, so passionately that she shrank back in positive terror—"Irene, it remains for you to say whether or not that marriage shall take place."

Irene Rivers still grew paler; she trembled violently and grasped the nearest tree for support.

"Why should I?" she gasped.

"Because I love you."

He slipped his arm around her waist as he spoke and drew her to him; he would have kissed her, but her head sank upon his shoulder and she burst into tears. But, listening to his comforting words, she soon grew calm. She said: "Hubert, why do you speak thus? You know as well as I that it is worse than folly to do so. You know that your wife I can never be; that the grim phantom, poverty, will keep us apart forever on earth. No, no! You are pledged to Flora and you must fulfil your promise by making her your wife. The benefits derived from the marriage will enable you to realize your grandest dreams—achieve a reputation honored among men. I have marked out my destiny. I propose to enter St. Catherine's convent at New Orleans. Within its peaceful walls I hope to find that happiness earth can never give."

"Irene, you shall be my wife. Listen!" And in a few hurried words he unfolded a plan which, as its full import dawned upon her perceptions alternately alarmed and surprised the gentle being by his side.

"Will you perform the part assigned you?" he added, when all was explained.

"Yes, yes! But, oh, Hubert, I tremble for you! Think of the danger!"

"I have thought of it—have weighed everything in the balance of my mind, and decided. The words you spoke—the revelation you made—was to me the elixir of life. Nothing can prevent me from carrying the plan into effect. How pale you are, Irene! and how you tremble! Think of the future, darling, and be brave!"

Very few words will suffice to explain the relation our different characters sustain to each other. Hubert Adare, a poor artist, was Mrs. Flourney's nephew. Flora, his aunt's daughter and his cousin, had been betrothed to him when a child. His uncle had died years before leaving in his will two very important conditions. One was that Hubert must marry Flora on her twenty-first birthday, at which time he was to come into possession of $50,000, inclusive of his fortune; the second was that in case he died ere the first was consummated, the money was to descend to Irene Rivers, a child of a distant relative, an orphan whose home had been under Mrs. Flourney's roof as far as her memory extended. Adare visited the old house yearly. He had come now, it was supposed, to make Flora his bride.

[illegible] hastily homeward, not [illegible] between them both [illegible] occupied within their [illegible] parted [illegible]

"The [illegible]

[illegible]

A letter of wild, coarse [illegible] received. While the majority of the [illegible] in Jackson and cells and [illegible] dispatched to New Orleans for official aid; and after the lapse of some hours he returned, bringing a skillful physician, who, on a hasty examination, pronounced Hubert Adare dead. The lightning had done its work instantaneously and effectually, he said.

The night following the day of Hubert Adare's interment, Irene Rivers sat alone in her chamber listening, with bated breath, to the monotonous ticking of the big old-fashioned clock in the hall below. Hour after hour passed by. Still she sat there, never moving, never changing her position in the least. The clock at length struck one; ere its last vibrations died away she started up, wrapped a heavy shawl about her, and taking from the table matches and a lamp she passed from the room, glided noiselessly down the broad staircase and out of the house into the dark, tempestuous night.

A rapid walk of a few minutes duration brought her to the entrance of a vault the last resting place of two generations of Flourneys situated in the furthest corner of the ground upon which the house stood, and which she unlocked and entered, not, however, without a feeling of horror creeping over her. Lighting the lamp she carried, she made her way to a coffin which had lately been placed in the vault. One instant she paused, then, trembling like an aspen, she loosed the lid and threw it open.

Pale and rigid, Hubert Adare lay before her.

With a half-suppressed cry the frightened girl sank on her knees beside him, and seemed on the point of fainting. This feeling however soon passed away, she grew active again, and, springing to her feet, she leaned over the motionless form, pressed burning kisses upon the lips, repeating his name as she did so.

The effect, was peculiar. A soft, warm blush suffused his face, neck, and brow; the lips slightly pouted; a gentle thrill passed over the still form, and then the eyes slowly unclosed and looked wonderingly and sleepily into her face.

"Alive! Saved! Thank God! Thank God!" cried Irene, throwing her arms about his neck, as he partly rose in a transport of gratitude and joy.

Neither Mrs. Flourney nor Flora made any objection when Irene Rivers announced her intention of going to New Orleans, and hither she repaired. Hubert Adare was awaiting her, and they were quietly married and sailed for Mexico, in which country they took up their permanent residence.

IMPORTING MORE SONG BIRDS.

Oregon Is Setting an Example Which Older States May Follow.

The success which has attended the introduction of the German song birds will be the means of bringing many more birds here, and Oregon will be an example for older states in this matter, says the Portland *Oregonian*. The wonderful increase of the Chinese pheasants brought here by Judge O. N. Denny, combined with the importation of song birds, has done more to call attention to Oregon than anything else in which the same amount of money has been expended. The society for importing song birds is preparing to have a lot more brought here.

Seid Back, the well-known Chinese merchant, who has been about twenty-one years here, and has prospered beyond his expectations, thinking he owes some debt of gratitude to this state, has ordered a lot of song birds brought over from China on the Colorado, of which vessel he is a part owner. He told the steward to buy and bring over a lot last spring, but the fellow was afraid to chance it, fearing the birds would die. "What difference would that make to you?" said Seid Back, when told why his birds did not come. "I told you to bring them. I pay for them, you take good care of them on the passage, and if they die it cannot be helped."

So the steward has instructions to buy and bring over all the chin chin birds or Tientsin Injuns, and any other song birds he can find in Hong Kong, and if he has good luck and gets them here alive we shall have the descendants of the birds whose sweet songs delighted the ears of Confucius meeting here the descendants of the bird which sang in a most heilige manner to the Germans who destroyed Varus and his legions long before America was invented or even thought of. As the Chinese birds do not sing in Chinese they will probably have no more sticks and stones thrown at them than the German birds.

Our English, Scotch and Irish citizens should follow the example of our German and Chinese citizens and bring out some specimens of the lark, cuckoo, "linnet" magpie, merle and other fine song birds we read of under different names as natives of the British Isles, not forgetting the banshee, which is peculiarly an Irish bird.

What One Sweet Girl Costs.

Here are some figures regarding the cost of a little girl of 14 for the past year. She is the only daughter of a teller in a New York bank. The family lives in a private boarding house, and the ambition of her parents is to make the child a bright, sweet, sensible woman. Her wardrobe costs $215 a year, including laundry.

She attends school uptown where she pays $350 a year. Last season she was sent to dancing school at an expense of $90. For this accomplishment she needed a special supply of slippers, four little dancing frocks, a long quilted ulster and [illegible] yards of sash ribbon, for which bill of $71 was presented [illegible]

PAT'S FLIGHT.

[illegible] story is told of one Irishman's adventure with a buffalo bull in early Montana days that is grotesquely amusing. The name of the Irishman was Patrick O'Flinn. Anyhow, Pat had only been on this side of the Atlantic about two years, and during that time had not improved in the Queen's English to any great extent, but as will be seen, rather clung with tenacity to the pure brogue of Erin.

On arriving in this country Pat turned his "attention" to railroading, and had scarcely set his foot on America's soil ere he accepted a big job of shoveling dirt, and a week after had been rushed off to the Northwest, and was soon far out on the frontier digging away with his shovel as only a hearty Irishman knows how.

At that time there were still a few buffaloes along the contemplated line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and Pat, having learned to ride a horse and shoot a gun, though both very awkwardly, went out one day with a party of travelers to have some Nimrodic sport. In the course of a few hours travel the party ran upon a herd of buffaloes, and, after considerable maneuvering, each hunter selected out his game and started for the expected prize. The country was very rough in the vicinity where the game was sighted and the chase was of the most exciting character, each hunter being separated from the others and, of course, attacking his game single-handed. However, the hunters experienced good luck with the exception of Pat, who had chosen the toughest old bull in the herd and made a dashing charge shooting him, but not fatally. As the animal was quite fleet-footed and agile it turned upon its assailant and the horse becoming frightened at the appearance of the enraged brute, reared and plunged, and soon had Pat sprawling on the ground, while the equine steed escaped as fast as its legs could carry it. In fact Pat and the bull were left alone to fight it out in whatever way they might choose.

Pat had been somewhat shocked by the sudden fall, and at first seemed rather slow to recover, but when he observed the buffalo charging down upon him, with every part of the animal's anatomy fairly bristling with rage, he scrambled upon his hands and knees and fairly pawed the ground in his haste to reach a small cliff of rocks near by that appeared to offer him a meager but apparently his only chance to escape. Fortunately luck was in Pat's favor, for between two good-sized rocks he found an opening that would just barely admit his body far enough to prevent the bull from reaching him, and yet quite close enough to tantalize the monster into the most furious rage. In the fall he received Pat let drop his gun, and so was entirely without any weapon of defense, and but for his companions might have been imprisoned for an indefinite period. When the rest of the hunters had killed their game and had gathered together for the homeward march, Pat was found to be missing, and search was at once instituted for him. The hunters began making a circuit, and while riding up behind some bushes, they heard a voice as of some one talking, apparently engaged in an animated conversation. They stopped and listened and were soon convinced that it came from Pat. It was evident too, that he had gotten into a predicament, for just at that moment he was saying:

"Ah, ye ugly lookin' baste, what are yees tryin' to cum in here for? Have yees no sinse at all, at all? The divil set fire to yees, for the great black heavy craythur that yees are. Sure it's the likes o' yees ought to have been banished from the sod long ago. Begob, if I had my gun I'd put an end to yees a foolin' round here and disturbin' a mawn from his rest as yees do. The divil a bit can ye look aze, and it's a great pity for the likes of yees to be throwin' way your strength like ye are doin'. Ye'd bettber be savin' it up to pull the tinder grass and get fat on, so yees had."

But the buffalo didn't seem to appreciate Pat's advice, but kept hooking away in an effort to get at its enemy.

"And it's tryin' to cum in, yees are, agin?" exclaimed Pat. "Whin yees squaze through between these two stones ye'll be mighty thin, so yees will, and its the divil of a sixpence I'd be givin' ter yer hide full of holes and the hair peeled off."

The bull ceased operations for a minute and backed off a pace, evidently hoping to entice Pat to come out from his secure retreat, but Pat saw the game and expressed himself thusly:

"Yees needn't be tazin' me to cum out at all, at all. I know the tricks o' yees too well—to be taken in afther that kind of style. Away with yees. Yees can tackle thim stones to yer heart's contint, but mind and keep away from doing me any harm. If I only had yees by the tail I'd pay yes off for bothering a man that never done yees no harm."

About this time the hunters concluded that they had had enough fun at Pat's expense, and going up closer drew a bead on the buffalo with their Winchesters, and the animal tumbled down dead as a door nail. Pat was quite overjoyed at his deliverance.—*Globe Democrat.*

Japanese Tortures.

"Yes, until recently they had exquisite methods of torture and punishment in Japan," said Barrett Johnstone, of Tokio, who has lived in that country the last twenty-[illegible] years and who was at the Palmer house yesterday. He said [illegible] with a worse [illegible] passed [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] to a similar examination [illegible] that if a longitudinal [illegible] removed the [illegible] head, [illegible] the [illegible] ethereal [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] result. The whole construction raveled. Next submit a